

Human Error: Airlock

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Human Error: Airlock

by [teeth_eater](#)

Summary

A collection of deleted scenes and one-shots in the Human Error universe, some canon, some not. Just some writing that will not play into the story as a whole.

Notes

hi !!!!!!!!

you probably wont enjoy this very much if you haven't read the rest of the series

Status: canon!

-Takes place during 'If It Bleeds'

saltskin

Tubbo hates to see Tommy sick. Of *course* he does, what kind of friend would enjoy seeing their friend sick?

As much as it makes his insides squirm with discomfort when Tommy coughs up bile that Tubbo knows would severely burn the apisaid if he was to touch it, he has no desire to leave Tommy's side.

Tubbo runs his fingers through the human's hair, as he's been doing since Tommy fell asleep. He knows it's a comfort to Tommy, even if the prideful human won't admit it out loud, and it reassures Tubbo when Tommy leans into his touch.

Tubbo shifts his hand, feeling the greasiness of Tommy's hair, matting slightly in the back where it's pressed against his pillow. The apisaid frowns, the texture reminding him of Tommy's time spent in the cell, where he had no way to wash himself. Tommy had told Tubbo later, in private, that humans are compulsive self-cleaners, and can get sick and irritable if they have no way to wash themselves. He had played it off as if it was no big deal, but Tubbo had seen the way the human refused to meet his eyes, a tell of lying if his textbooks were to be believed. Tubbo also didn't miss the way Tommy bathed almost compulsively after being freed, control over his body becoming something of a religion for him after so long without it.

He's too weak now to wash his hair, and it twists Tubbo's insides more than the vomiting and the fever ever had.

"Tommy," Tubbo whispers, shaking the human gently. "Wake up."

"Blegh," Tommy says eloquently, rising up onto his elbows. "Wha'?"

"Come with me for a second," Tubbo says, tugging Tommy's sleeve.

"Where 're we goin'?" Tommy asks tiredly, getting to his feet but not opening his eyes, instead letting Tubbo drag him along by the arm. They pass Ranboo, asleep on the window seat. Tubbo pauses to pull a blanket up to his shoulders, and the enderian hums thankfully and snuggles into the fabric.

Tubbo walks Tommy into the bathroom and guides the sleepy human to sit in the tub. It's not something he uses, as he takes dust baths. His wings and thick fluff do not mix well with water, as he learned after a miserable experience with the fire alarms going off and triggering the sprinklers, *before* Ranboo had arrived, thankfully.

Tubbo turns on the water, making sure it's warm enough to be comfortable but not enough to burn. He waits until it only just *sort of* hurts when he sticks his hand under it, and then turns it up a bit higher. He's seen Tommy after he's taken a shower, he's bright pink for half an hour afterward from how hot he keeps the temperature.

"What're you doin'?" Tommy mumbles.

"Washing your hair," Tubbo says, maneuvering Tommy to stick his head under the spray of water. Tommy hums blissfully at the feeling of water streaming over his scalp.

"Do you know how?" Tommy asks around a yawn. Tubbo hesitates in his movement, shaking out his neck ruff slightly in embarrassment when Tommy laughs at him. The moment ends when Tommy's laugh ends in a cut-off gasp of pain, and both of them fall silent.

"I'll tell you how to do it," Tommy murmurs, eyes closed against the dim lights of the bathroom. "My hair's already wet, so grab the bottle to your right. I wrote 'shampoo' on it." Tubbo picks up what he hopes is the right bottle and squints at the black ink hopelessly.

"Uh... yeah, I can't read this," Tubbo admits, setting the bottle back down. Tommy huffs out a laugh and reaches for the bottle. Tubbo hands it to him and Tommy cracks his eyes open to read the hand-drawn label.

"Yeah, this is shampoo," He says, handing back the bottle to Tubbo. "Put some in your hand and start rubbing it into my hair."

Tubbo follows his instructions, emboldened when Tommy sighs and relaxes further under his touch. After around a minute of scrubbing, Tommy holds up a hand. Tubbo tries not to look at how it trembles slightly.

"Okay, now rinse the soap out," Tommy says, sounding tired again. Tubbo will have to do this quickly or risk Tommy falling asleep under the water. Tubbo is not going to be able to carry Tommy back to his room if that happens. Tubbo guides Tommy further under the water, putting a hand on his hairline to stop the water and soap from getting into his eyes.

Once the water runs clear and Tommy's hair is free of tiny white bubbles Tubbo pulls Tommy out from under the stream and sits him up again.

"Now what?" Tubbo asks, unwinding a rather persistent tangle that resides on the back of Tommy's head.

"Now conditioner. The other bottle," Tommy explains. Tubbo grabs it and pours some onto his hand. Before he has the chance to rub it into Tommy's hair like he did with the shampoo, Tommy speaks up.

"Hold on, don't rub it in at the roots, just do the ends. It'll get greasy again really quick if you condition the roots." He explains sleepily. Tubbo hums to show that he'd heard and starts rubbing the conditioner into the ends of his hair, careful not to get much in the roots.

He moves Tommy's head under the faucet again. There aren't bubbles being washed away this time, but the hair clumps together where there is still soap, so Tubbo waits until the hair rests in a sheet of brownish-blond hair before he takes Tommy's hair out from under the water.

Tubbo runs his hands through Tommy's wet hair and his wings flutter happily behind his back. His friend is clean again, and even though his illness is a mystery, and only seems to be getting worse, he is at least clean. If that's all that Tubbo can do, he'll do it.

Tubbo digs a towel out from under the sink and wraps Tommy's hair in it, before they walk back to Tommy's room together. Getting up had apparently drained him, because Tommy falls back asleep almost as soon as he lays down again. Tubbo lays next to him, running his fingers through his hair, clean, slightly damp, and smelling like flowers.

deleted scene from 'goodbye, i love you'

Chapter Summary

status- not canon

Tommy gets up, swinging his legs over the side of the bed and standing upright. He shudders at the feeling of the metal floors under his feet, but he walks out of the room anyway. He goes to check on his crew, as he always does when he can't sleep. Seeing his family safe calms that terrible noise in his head.

He checks on Ranboo first, his room being at the end of the hall, and he creaks the door open. Ranboo isn't sleeping, just sitting up in bed and staring out the window. He hears Tommy come in, he knows because Ranboo's rabbit-like ears had twitched in his direction. "You should get some sleep," Tommy says quietly. "Same to you," Ranboo says, gaze not leaving the passing stars. Tommy hums, swaying in place tiredly. "Touche," He mutters, though he knows Ranboo won't know what that means. "Why are you up?" Ranboo asks. "My friend died four months ago today," Tommy says. There's no point in mincing his words. "That sucks," Ranboo says. Tommy laughs, Ranboo will be embarrassed by his halfhearted attempts at comfort in the morning, but apathy is easier to swallow than pity. "Yeah, it does." Tommy agrees. "What was he like?" Ranboo asks, turning to face him. Tommy sits on the floor. "He was really kind," Tommy starts, a small smile on his face. "Even when things were awful he could calm anyone down. He just felt safe."

There is a long silence. "I miss him," Tommy says, voice choked.

deleted scene from ranboos interlude

Chapter Summary

status- not canon

in this version, everything was resolved way too soon

Tubbo smiles at him when he walks in, gesturing him to sit next to him. Ranboo smiles back, a bit timidly, and takes the seat to the left of Tubbo, leaving the late crewmate's seat empty.

A plate is set down in front of Ranboo by Phil. Ranboo thanks him quietly and starts eating. He's been especially hungry these past few days, all this stress is starving him. Phil gives him an amused look at his hunger and Ranboo makes an effort to slow down.

"So, what does the ICA have you doin' Ranboo?" Tubbo asks, breaking the silence and making Ranboo jump a little.

"Here?" Ranboo squeaks. Tubbo laughs.

"Yeah here," Tubbo says.

"Oh, I'm really just here to make sure you guys aren't like...criminals? Or at least not putting Tubbo in any danger."

Phil's wings puff up slightly.

"Why are they sending (I)you to check for danger?" Phil says, voice suddenly hard. Ranboo looks down, embarrassed.

"Oh, not like that Ranboo," Phil says hurriedly. "I just mean, why would they send a student to make sure another student is safe? That would put both of you in danger."

Ranboo picks at his food.

"Well, uh- I kinda couldn't say no? Like- I could have, but if they told me later that I had said yes I would've believed them, you know my- my memory. Besides I- I don't do super good in my classes and they-"

Ranboo takes a breath and hopes the others don't notice how his voice is shaking.

"I think they wanted me out of the way." Ranboo says thinly. The table is silent, but Ranboo doesn't look up from his food to see their expressions. Horror slowly rises into panic. (I)Why

had he said (I)any of that? They didn't ask for his life story!

Wilbur stands up, slamming his hands on the table and stomping away. Ranboo sinks further in his seat, wanting to sink into the ground and disappear. Techno makes a strange huffing sound that Ranboo is (I)pretty sure means anger, and clears his throat. Ranboo looks up at him warily. The captain's wings are partially spread behind him, though he doesn't seem to be aware of the threat display.

"You dont deserve to be taken advantage of, Ranboo," Phil says sternly, then lets out a frustrated hiss. "Fuck me, once it gets out that the school is using disabled students as their canon fodder there'll be an uproar."

Ranboo shoots to his feet.

"No! The school has good people, I'm just- I'm stupid, a waste of resources-" Phil rises too, almost comically shorter than the enderian, though his wings are fully expanded, each tip nearly brushing the opposite walls in the dining room. Ranboo shrinks back.

"Who is telling you this?" Phil asks, deadly calm. Ranboo's tail curls around his leg nervously.

"No one," Ranboo whispers. Phil steps forward.

"Ranboo, what is going to happen to you when you go back?"

Ranboo breaks.

"They're going to kick me out," Ranboo chokes out, hands coming up to hide his face. "I dont- my haunting kicked me out too- I was- I couldn't hunt because I got lost and- and I couldn't do (I)anything right! I wont- I wont have anywhere to go."

"Ranboo, I'm going to talk to the school," Philza says, though the threatening undercurrent in his voice tells Ranboo there will be a little more than talking involved with that interaction. "We can figure this out, okay? Responsible adults may not be a concept you're used to, but you dont even have to worry, we'll handle it."

Ranboo takes deep breaths, trying to steady himself. He fails, his breathing is shuddering and too-fast, but he's still breathing, so he counts that as a win.

He might not be in a little bit if the embarrassment of what he'd just admitted kills him first, which is looking increasingly likely.

Ranboo looks in Phil's eyes, ignoring the immediate longing to break eye-contact, and sees nothing but honesty there. He nods.

"Okay."

He tries to retreat back to his room after that, but is pulled out of his plan of moping with his head under a pillow by a hesitant knock on the door. Ranboo sighs deeply and gets up to answer it. It's not like he can ignore any of the crew, but he's had a pretty rough day and breakfast is barely over. Can't he just be left alone.

"It's bullshit that people take advantage of something you can't control," Wilbur says, voice steady. "Write down everything you want to remember as soon as it happens. People won't be able to lie to you anymore."

Ranboo opens the door to see Wilbur, and winces internally, wondering what he had done to upset the phantling this time.

"Hi Wilbur," Ranboo says nervously. Wilbur's tail is flicking, and he isn't looking at Ranboo, but he holds something out to the enderian all the same. Ranboo takes a step back, thinking, a bit hysterically, that it's a bomb of some sort.

With that vague statement, Wilbur walks back to the main body of the ship, leaving Ranboo staring after him. Once the phantling is fully gone, Ranboo turns around and sits at his desk.

Ranboo takes the book from Wilbur's hands, a bit shaky. He flips the pages open, revealing hundreds of pages of lined paper. He looks back up at Wilbur, eyes wide.

"This is for me?" He asks, awed. Wilbur nods, still looking a bit uncomfortable. The phantling closes his eyes and pushes his ears back, a gesture of apology if Ranboo is remembering right.

"I'm sorry I've been so... dickish." Wilbur says. "I- I've got a lot to protect."

He writes the date, the time, and then 'Wilbur gave me this journal and apologized'.

He stares down at the writing. The knowledge that he will be able to recall this fact, this thing that happened is... new. It's good.

Maybe really (I) can get better.

Tommy gets lost at the space mall

Chapter Summary

Humans will see a baby of a completely different creature and be like: is anyone going to protect this?

And then not wait for an answer

Canon ? YES

takes place after ranboos interlude. Idk the chronology isn't super solid

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Being on-planet is more trouble than it's worth, Tommy decides as he spins in a circle, searching for his crew in what he *hopes* is a casual manner. He sees no hint of a green hat or coarse pink fur, so he leans against a nearby pole and waits for them to find him.

He waits for a while. People pass and the sun (which is much hotter than Earth's sun, by the way) lowers in the sky, and there is still no sign of Tommy's crew. Tommy takes in a deep breath, trying not to think about the way it shudders, and blinks back tears, hidden by the goggles Tubbo had lent him for his disguise. He kicks his foot a little, sending up a small cloud of dust. What if they had left him? Tommy shakes his head, that's ridiculous, there's no way they left him here. Unless... they thought he had been taken, or killed. If they were already on some revenge or rescue mission then Tommy would remain here for the foreseeable future. Sure, this may not be one of the shadier markets, but there are still dangerous business tycoons here, ones who would sell him out (in some cases literally) for a quick buck.

He's starting to get looks, he can't stay here. If his crew hasn't found him yet then they aren't going to find him here, he has to search for them. He lurches from his position, rolling his shoulders to relieve them of their stiffness and ignoring the disgusted noise from a nearby shopkeeper.

He heads in a random direction. He has no idea where they had come from, with the number of twists and turns he had taken to get here, and with him not paying attention, sure that Phil would lead them back, Tommy was about as likely to find his way back to the ship as he was back to Earth. He passes stalls selling all manner of food and supplies, pointedly not making

eye contact with any of the peddlers, lest they take it as an invitation to push their wares onto him. He walks, head swiveling, eyes wide as he searches for his family, but he sees nothing.

He curses under his breath, slowing down slightly to look a bit harder. He opens his mouth to call out for Phil, or Techno, or Wil, or- really *anyone* , but shuts his mouth when he hears something that sounds disturbingly like a baby crying. He scrunches up his eyes in discomfort at the sound, something ugly twisting in his chest, urging him to go find the source of the noise and help it. Well, he has nothing *better* to do, it's not looking like he's going to find his crew, he might as well investigate the noise.

He trails the crying to the mouth of an alleyway, a little unnerved by the fact that no one else is coming over there to help. He vaguely remembers hearing about murderers hiding tapes of babies crying in the woods to lure victims out, but that may have been an urban legend. If it's not, well, it's not like Tommy can tell the space-police about it.

He creeps forward to the noise, keeping his footsteps silent.

"Hello?" He calls out in Common, hearing his voice echo off the back wall. The wailing stops, but there is no response, so Tommy steps forward a few more steps, waiting for his eyes to adjust to the darkness. The tinted goggles do him no favors. "My name is Tommy, are you okay? Hurt?"

"No," The voice whimpers from somewhere in the darkness, and Tommy's eyes lock onto the figure, a dark shape sitting against the trash piled in the alley. They are small, probably young, and they have *terribly* big eyes that reflect the light from the mouth of the alley.

"Okay," Tommy says, sitting on the dirty ground to avoid scaring the child (?) any further. "Are you lost?"

"Yes," The child says before breaking down into eerily human-like sobs again.

"That's okay," Tommy says, doing his best to keep his voice calm and even. He has no idea if the tone is carrying across to whatever species this child is, but it's helping him keep a level head. "I'm lost too."

"You are?" The child says, sniffing and creeping closer.

"Yup," Tommy assures, watching curiously as the child moves further into the light. It looks sort of like a mouse, if a mouse was bipedal and the size of a small dog.

"I thought grown-ups didn't get lost?" The child says. Tommy winces, not willing to correct the child on the 'grown-up' part.

"Anyone can get lost," Tommy assures them.

"Will you help me find my mom," The kid asks around a snuffle, and fuck. How can Tommy say no to *that* ?

"Sure thing, kiddo." Tommy agrees. "Where did you see her last?"

"Um, well- we went to get food where they sell-" The kid makes a noise that sounds like a series of high shrieks interspersed with clicks. Tommy nods like he understands.

"Why don't you take me back there," Tommy says as gently as he can manage. "We can find her together, okay?"

"Okay," The kid agrees, wiping their face with a belled sleeve. "Pick me up?"

Tommy doesn't even pause to think, leaning down and scooping the child into his arms. They are quick to peek their tiny head over his shoulder, wide eyes no doubt scanning for their mother.

"Okay," Tommy says, adjusting the kid in his arms. "Lead the way, captain."

The kid giggles at the honorific and begins the arduous task of pointing Tommy in the direction they want him to go. It occurs to Tommy that whatever species the kid is may not have a concept of piggyback rides.

It's been half an hour and there is no sign of the kid's mother. They've gone to the unpronounceable food cart, and she was nowhere to be found, so they've been wandering nearby, hoping she will just *appear* . The kid hasn't said it, but Tommy can tell they're dimming, drooping slightly, chin resting on the crown of Tommy's head, even their whiskers seem to be drooping.

Tommy is not without his own worries. He doesn't know how long he's been missing his crew, but it's been over an hour now. He is rarely away from them, and never on-planet. But his priority is finding the kid's mother right now, he can worry about the rest later.

"We'll find her, okay?" Tommy assures the kid, who makes a small, sad sound.

"I miss her," They bemoan. "And I'm hungry." Tommy's own stomach growls in response.

"I know kiddo," Tommy sighs. "If I had the money I'd buy something for you." He's not going to risk getting arrested, not when his crew isn't here to save his ass. The kid inhales and lets out a chittering call, what Tommy assumes is their way of calling for their mother in their own language, one that they had repeated many times since Tommy had found them. This time, though, the chittering call is echoed back in a different voice, and both Tommy and the kid are perked up immediately. Tommy starts running in the direction of the voice, shouldering patrons out of the way with muttered apologies, holding onto the kid tighter so they don't go flying with the increased speed. The kid keeps making calls, and they keep getting repeated, telling Tommy where to go like some strange form of echolocation.

Tommy nearly runs into the kid's mother when he finds her, a snowy white where her child is a warm grey, but they are undeniably the same creature, though the mother is taller and thinner, more like a weasel than a mouse. The kid leaps from Tommy's shoulders and into their mother's arms, who catches him easily nuzzling her face to his.

"Oh baby, I was so worried." She says breathlessly. She looks up to Tommy, eyes just as wide as her child's. "Thank... you.." She says, voice growing quieter, more afraid. Tommy twitches a hand up to his face, instinctively checking that his disguise is in place.

It isn't.

The child had knocked his goggles askew in their rush to get to their mother. Tommy frantically shoves them back in place, looking around to make sure no one else had noticed. No one is panicking or trying to kill him, so he's got a bit of hope.

Looking back at the terrified mother clutching her child, he isn't sure he's going to get out of this.

"You're-" She begins, taking a step back, but her child interrupts her.

"He's Tommy! He helped me find you!" They squeak cheerfully, not pausing in their nuzzling of their mother's shoulder. "He said he's lost too! We should help him find his family now!" The mother's mouth closes and opens again, expression shifting rapidly, though Tommy knows what none of them mean.

"You're... you're a child." She says finally, looking up at him. "Aren't you?"

"No...well, maybe. Yeah." Tommy admits, ducking his head.

"And you're... you know?" She prompts, eyes darting around to make sure no one around them is listening too closely.

"Yes." Tommy says. There is no point in denying it. She knows.

"Well, let's get you back to your crew." She says firmly, hoisting her kid further up on her hip.

"What?" Tommy says, head snapping up.

"Unless you don't want to go back," She says, giving Tommy an appraising look. "I've heard about the way some people treat... people like you."

"They're good people," Tommy assures her, a little shell shocked at her casual reaction to what he is.

"And do they have a ship parked here?"

"Yes?"

"Then we're going to the parking lot." She says firmly, grabbing Tommy's wrist and leading him away. It's a little awkward, with her being so much shorter than him, and he has to lean down to accommodate the position, but he's honestly a little bit scared of disobeying her right now. Plus, if she's willing to overlook the fact that he's human and get him back to his crew then he's not going to complain.

They walk mostly in silence.

Eventually, the mother lets go of his hand and allows him to follow her without needing to hold onto her, which is a nice break for his back. They walk through the winding alleyways that Tommy sort of recognizes from coming into the market. Her kid is making faces at Tommy from over her shoulder, and though Tommy won't risk removing his goggles and bandana to make them back, he can't help but smile at the kid's antics.

The mouth of the alley breaks into a wide clearing filled with spaceships of all make and models. Tommy recognizes it as the place they landed, and is immediately standing as tall as he can, searching for the massive silver ship that he's grown to call home. He doesn't see it, making his heart sink in terror. His breathing is just starting to speed up when he spots the gleaming hull, and it takes everything in him not to take off in a dead sprint towards the ship.

"Do you see your ship?" The mother asks, squinting in the lowering sun.

"Yeah," Tommy says. "The silver one, over there."

"Wow, what do you do for work?" She asks, impressed.

"I don't know, my dad- my captain does...something." Tommy says, following the woman to the ship. "Honestly, it could be NFTs. If he's trading crypto I'm out of the crew for real this time."

"I don't know what that means," She says softly, adjusting her grip on the kid, who's fallen asleep in her arms.

"I know," Tommy says. "I'm just talking to talk. They'll have been so worried about me. God, Phil is going to be *insufferable* when I get back."

"I'm glad you have people in your corner, kid." The mother says as they approach the ship. "I'm gonna go before your crew decides I've kidnapped you and tries to attack, but... thank you." She says firmly, looking him in the eyes. Tommy glances around to see if anyone is looking at him, no one is. He takes off his goggles and bandana.

"Anyone would have done it," Tommy says.

"No, they wouldn't have." She insists. "I know humans are supposed to have strong protective instincts towards their young, most species do, but it's rather rare to have that instinct towards other species' young."

She pulls him into a hug before taking a few steps back.

"Good luck out there, kiddo." She says warmly, before walking off and ducking behind a nearby ship. Then she's gone.

Tommy turns to the silver door of his ship, suddenly terrified of the mother-henning (hah, bird joke) that would be on the other side. He punches in the code and scans his handprint into the door and steps back as it slides open.

The hull is empty, which is not a big surprise. They are probably out looking for him, he can just find his comm and call them to let them know he's back. He walks through the halls, heading to his room where he *thinks* he left his comm, a bit unsettled by the silence.

Luckily, that discomfort doesn't last long at all, because he can hear Tubbo yelling in the kitchen. Tommy smiles and changes course to follow the noise, pausing in the doorway to watch Ranboo pacing nervously around, occasionally teleporting a few feet ahead in a cloud of purple sparks. Tubbo shouts at someone through the phone, gesticulating wildly.

"-Fucking hours and no one's been able to find him?" He barks. "Anything could have happened to-"

"Tommy!" Ranboo shrieks, disappearing and reappearing with his arms already wrapping around Tommy, lifting him into the air. Tubbo lets out an odd sort of howling noise and dives into the hug, wrapping his arms around Tommy as well.

"Where *were* you?" Tubbo asks, voice strained.

"I don't know," Tommy breathes, the terror of the past hour-and-a-half finally catching up to him. "I just... couldn't find you guys. Some lady helped me find my way back to the ship."

"Thank fucking God," Tubbo says. "I'll call the others and tell them you're back." He reluctantly separates from the group hug to grab the comm from the kitchen table before darting back to the two of them and reinserting himself in the embrace.

"He's back," Tubbo says into the phone, nearly breathless. There is a clamoring over the phone, before the line goes dead. Tubbo tosses the comm onto the counter before resuming his attempts to become one with the other two teenagers on the ship.

Eventually, they all sink to the floor, and the stress of the day carries the group into sleep.

When Tommy wakes up, he is still on the kitchen floor, but there are blankets piled around him and the lights have been dimmed, which means Phil has arrived back home. Sure enough, when Tommy lifts his head to check on the other inhabitants of the nest, Phil has his wings draped around them, but Tommy can see the end of Wilbur's tail, and feel where Tubbo and Ranboo both cling to him. Techno sits at the edge of the nest, watching the door. Tommy doesn't try to convince him to lay down, he knows his instincts must be running wild right now with the youngest of his 'sounder' having been missing. Techno must somehow sense that he's awake, because he turns his head slightly to look at him, and lets out a soft chuff before turning back to the door. Tommy is pretty sure that means Techno's not mad at him, so that's good. He lets himself settle down again, warmer now with the weight of Phil's wing covering him, and surrounded by the people he loves.

There's no way he's going to be allowed on-planet without a child-leash now.

I wanted to do another part with this whole thing from sbis pov but I just didn't have the energy. If any of you want to try your hand however.. 🙄🙄

chapter 14 (SHA) rewrite (GORE WARNING)

Chapter Summary

this is a rewrite of the murder scene in chapter 14 of subterranean homesick alien! while in the original it was gory, i skipped out on some ideas and concepts to make it more accessible. heavy gore isn't something I write often, so i thought it would be an interesting exercise.

WARNING: this is gross. it describes blood, killing, and detailed gore. do not read this if you are sensitive to the topic.

Status: canon

He sticks his fingers through the slats and squeezes until the metal snaps with a terrible groan, dutifully ignoring the sting of metal that cuts into the soft flesh of his palms. He hears shouts of alarm from the invaders, but pays them no heed, dropping the twisted grate to the floor, where it hits with a clang that has one of the gunmen covering their ears.

"Show yourself!" One of them shrieks, pointing the gun at Sam. He is not afraid. He drags himself out of the vent and drops to the floor. The vent comes out at the ceiling, so it's a bit of a drop, but Sam manages not to roll his ankle, landing in a crouch in front of the invaders.

"We've already got your crew, we'll kill-"

Sam stretches up to his full height, unfolding his limbs in a way he knows is unsettling to aliens. Sure enough, the gunman threatening him steps back, mouth opening.

In the dim red glow of the emergency lights, Sam stands, unmistakably human. The gunman- the one who had been threatening Phil, who had tied up Sam's family and was the reason Tommy was not getting medical attention right now, screams an alert to his team. Sam lunges, spurred by the noise.

"Huma-" Is what the gunman gets out, and then Sam's hands are around his throat, and they are both on the ground. The other invaders are scattering, but Sam doesn't care. He will catch them. Sam is squeezing, his grip so hard that his hands are shaking and his knuckles are turning white, but the invader's species must have a reinforced windpipe, because he's still breathing, reaching for the gun that was knocked from his hands by Sam's attack. Something bashes into his temple, and Sam sucks in a pained breath, head spinning as he tries to make sense of what hit him. Something wet trickles over his ear, but it doesn't matter. All his wounds will be worn with pride if he can save Tommy. Save everyone. He looks down at the gunman pinned under him, holding his gun by the barrel.

"Did you just pistol whip me?" Sam hisses in English. He wastes no more time, if choking won't kill them, then he will have to settle for a messier way of doing things. He sends up a quick prayer that the minors of the crew aren't looking and sinks his teeth into the alien's neck.

The teeth go in easy. His teeth are sharper than they were a year ago, and it is more obvious in moments like these. The canines slide in first, and then the rest, and then he has locked his jaw. He hopes that the neck is a weak spot for this species, but pretty much every creature Sam has encountered has had a target on their neck, including on Earth. As foul-tasting blood spurts across Sam's tongue, and fills the cavity of his throat, nearly choking him, he thinks he got it right. There is a gurgling sound next to his ear, in the gunman's chest, rising to his throat, where it becomes more liquid than air as he too chokes on blood.

He bites down harder, ignoring the ache in his jaw, and shakes his head like he had seen dogs do to their prey. Something gives under his teeth, the stretch of skin and the wet snap of separation, and then the alien's body is on the floor, throat open and bleeding. The missing flesh is still in Sam's mouth, bitter and warm. Sam can feel disgusted with himself later, but right now the people he loves need him. He spits out the chunk of flesh in his mouth and swallows the blood. It's too far back in his throat to get out, and there is no time. He gets to his feet. He wants to untie his crew, but he needs to get rid of the invaders first. That is his top priority. He can't let the other invaders leave. Can't let them tell anyone what they saw, not on this planet. Not here.

The one messing with the control panel is still there, much more frantic now as she tries to pull the door open. Sam takes a step towards her and she whips her gun towards the crew. "Don't move!" She screams, eyes locked onto the dead gunman behind Sam. "I'll shoot them."

Sam does not hesitate. Right now, humans are animals, and animals do not bow to threats. He is an animal. If this was a test, it was a poor one.

Sam lunges, slamming the invader into the wall, shoulder pressing against her head, making a disgusting crunching sound against the wall, a bang that Sam doesn't know the source of sounds off, but no one sounds like they're in pain, so he ignores it. She falls to the floor, her eyes closed and a stripe of blood running down her face, but Sam can't be sure that she's dead. He lifts his boot, thankful he had managed to find waterproof material this deep in space. Sam stomps, putting all his weight behind the attack, and the alien's head caves beneath him with no resistance. There is a crunch, a sound not dissimilar to a watermelon being crushed. There is a wetness seeping into the seams of his boots. Hmm, perhaps his boots are not quite waterproof. Sam wrinkles his nose at the smell of blood and death that clings to the corpse at his feet, but he feels no regret. These people knew the risks of stealing, of boarding the ships of people who could have any number of dangerous creatures among their ranks.

The final invader is running, almost to the door. Sam is not worried, he grabs the gun from the dead alien's limp hand and takes careful aim at the runner's leg. It is not like the guns at home, but it has a trigger and a barrel, and Sam, while not experienced in hunting, grew up in the woods. He remembers the days where his school would be empty on the first day of hunting season, the way the other kids would brag about the deer they fell. The way they would shoot them in the legs to stop them from running. The way their eyes looked when they walked up to them. Desperate, afraid. They would cut them open and leave their insides steaming in the cold air of the woods.

Sam is not a hunter, but he is now a murderer. Sam walks to the last living invader, even and slow. There is no need to rush, not anymore, when the invader's leg is crippled and he is shaking on the ground. Sam walks, one bloody footprint gleaming in the emergency lights behind him. He flicks his tongue over his teeth and feels stringy flesh left behind, he spits, and then the final invader is at his feet, panting, wild-eyed. A deer laying in the thin snow of the forest.

Sam plants his boot on the alien's shoulder, leaving a streak of deep black blood on the alien's flight jacket. They are cowering beneath him, screaming for a team that will never rise again. Sam will try to make it quick. He points the gun in between the alien's eyes and squeezes the trigger. There are no bullets in this gun, but the glowing beam of heat energy tears through their head with no resistance. The invader falls back, mouth open in a silent scream, teeth gleaming in the red lights.

And then there is no one left to hurt. He's done what he needed to do, he is not human. Not really.

The Arm Scene

Chapter Summary

I wrote this scene a few different ways before landing on the final version, so here's that
It's gore so don't read it if it yucks you out

TAKE ONE

Then he lunges.

Mask rears back with a shriek, but it's too late, Sam is already on top of it, grabbing at its thin, buglike arms with an unrelenting grip. He throws its surprisingly light frame into a stack of boxes, which wobble dangerously. Sam slams the heel of his palm down on the alien's shoulder hard enough that he feels the joint give beneath his hand. The alien lets out a trilling shriek, which has Sam wincing at the sheer volume. He doesn't have much time then, the other aliens will come running. He has to make this count. He has to send a message.

He rises above the alien, positioning his boot above its chest, preparing to stomp down and kill it. As he stomps, the alien rolls out of the way. Sam still manages to catch its upper arm, pinning it in place. The alien lets out that warbly shriek again, but Sam is unrelenting, even though bright blue blood pools beneath his feet, soaks into his boots. He grits his teeth and stomps again and again and again until the alien stops screaming.

It starts to drag itself away, and a terrible jolt of disgust rolls through Sam when he realizes it's leaving half its arm behind. He thought he was going to break its arm not break it off. He shakes his head. There's no time for regret. There's no time to be merciful. It's the alien or Sam. He raises his foot again, now above the alien's head. They raise their remaining arm over their face, and Sam hesitates.

They don't want to die either.

But it kidnapped Sam. Took him away from Tommy, the only one he had left. His resolve strengthens.

"No," The alien whispers. "Wait."

Sam feels like the whole world collapses beneath him.

"What?" Sam breathes, stepping back, lowering his boot. "You-"

The door bursts open and the entire group of aliens from before flood into the room, all making various noises of distress. Sam suddenly feels oddly like he's a child again, getting caught doing something wrong. Except the thing he did wrong was attempted homicide. Or... xenocide? Is that the right word?

Sam shakes his head. That hardly matters now, the alien he just tried to slaughter speaks English, unless Sam had been having an adrenaline-fueled hallucination.

Eyes rushes him, backing him into a corner so that the others can retrieve Mask. One of them gags at the sight of his dismembered arm, but they grab that too.

"Wait!" Sam shouts, reaching out for the retreating form of Mask. "Hold on!" Eyes blocks him, backing up out the door and slamming it closed.

Sam stares at it, in shock about what had just happened. He turns to see the room soaked in teal blood and nearly gags.

What the fuck had he just done?

Take Two

-use realatable analogy

-FOOD ANALOGY!!

--how is sam reacting? Feelings thoughts

-=food connotation(ex)- (from @tlbodine on tumblr) moist, steaming, smear, chunk, ooze.

-use medical terms ! USE THAT THESAURAS

Sam lurches forward, unbalanced. Still weak from the hell of the last few months. Despite all that, he is no less dangerous than he was on Earth. Quite the opposite, he has found himself to be much more vicious, full of hate and bitter, evil thoughts about what he could have been if he had just been left alone. And now? Now all he had left is gone. He is worse than dangerous.

Now he is inhuman.

The alien scrambles back, kicking out at the tray and scattering the strange food over the ground. It does nothing to deter him. He crushes a soft, cake-like thing under his boot as he grabs the alien by the front of its stupid flight suit. Its hands come up to claw at Sam's arms, but they do nothing but tear the fabric of his coverall. If it drew blood then Sam can't feel it. He can't feel anything.

He hurls the alien into one of the stacks of boxes, which wobbles dangerously. Sam almost hopes it falls, crushes them both, just to end all this awful, stupid, worthless shit.

It doesn't. The boxes remain stacked to the ceiling and the alien sits at the bottom, splayed out, listless and confused. Good. That makes two of them.

Sam steps forward just as the alien pulls something out of its suit pocket. It's a thick black box, and though Sam doesn't have the foggiest idea what it does, he's already been shot by this dickhead. Twice. If it is a weapon, Sam's not going to let it get the chance to use it. He grabs for the object, but the alien turns away, holding it to its chest, trying to stop Sam from grabbing it. Sam snarls wordlessly and grabs the alien's shoulder to force it to turn around, the alien hisses out what could be curses in whatever gibberish language it speaks, and then Sam has the box in his hands.

Looking at it closer, he can see an absolutely ridiculous amount of buttons and a small screen. A communication device, if Sam had to bet.

Sam whips it at the wall and watches as it explodes into a million useless pieces. The alien watches too, eyes wide. It turns to look at Sam once all of the pieces have hit the ground.

Sam stands over it, completely remorseless. It almost scares him how little pity he feels for the thing beneath his boot, but then again. It stole him away. It took Tommy away and now Sam has no idea if he's safe and the kid he's come to think of as his has no one.

Sam brings his foot down.

He had been aiming for the alien's chest, hoping to cave it in and end this whole mess, but it had rolled out of the way just in time, and Sam's boot came down on its upper arm instead. The alien shrieks in pain and grabs its shoulder, trying to jerk its arm free from where Sam has it pinned. Sam doesn't release it.

This is about vengeance. This is about sending a message.

He brings his boot up, and before the alien can move again, slams it down. The alien screams, so loud that Sam almost wants to cover his ears. He doesn't have a lot of time, the other aliens would have heard that. They'll be coming. Unless they expected this, unless this alien is some sort of sacrifice.

Sam can work with that.

His boot comes down again and again, and the alien never stops screaming, never stops to take a breath. It must have bigger lungs than a human. Sam pins its arm down again and watches it struggle with a detached sort of fascination.

"You could have just left me there," Sam says quietly. "I don't want to do this. I just wanna go home."

Sam grinds his heel into the wound and the alien spasms with the pain, letting out a ragged sob. A sting of regret sparks in Sam's chest, but then he thinks of all the times those other aliens laughed when he was in pain, when they hurt him just to hurt him. The spark dims. They would do the same to him.

They have.

"Why couldn't you have just left me?" Sam screams, slamming down his foot one final time.

There is a wet crunch beneath Sam. The alien is just staring at him, tears streaming down its face. Wetting its mask.

It cries like a human.

The floor is wet beneath Sam's boot. Cherry-red and glistening. There are what looks like chunks of bone in the mess. Sam takes his boot off of what's left of the alien's arm and they immediately scramble back. The arm hangs limply in the long sleeve. They clutch the dead limb, mouth gaping, breath haggard. They try to get to their feet, but fall back when Sam takes another step forward.

Sam's shadow encompasses it.

He drops to his knees and rests his hands over the alien's throat, almost gently if not for the promise of what he's about to do.

"I didn't want to hurt anyone," Sam breathes, shaking. "But now I've got no choice."

Just as his fingers begin to tighten, the alien brings up its remaining arm to hold back Sam's wrist.

"Wait," The alien whispers, so quietly that if Sam had not been so close, he would have thought he was hearing things. "Please, no."

Sam lets go, stumbling backward and falling into the puddle of blood the alien had left behind.

"You-" Sam stammers, trying to get to his feet but finding his knees too shaky to do so.
"You-"

The door is kicked in.

Sam whips around immediately, bringing his hands up in defense. Eyes backs him into a corner, all puffed up in anger or fear Sam doesn't know. He stretches his arms out around Eyes, trying to get back to Mask, to get them to talk again, to tell them about Tommy, but there is a group of aliens surrounding them. Sam watches as Mask stands, with help from the goatlike alien, and their arm swings in its sleeve. Sam thinks perhaps he had just broken it until the dead limb succumbs to gravity and falls out of the sleeve, hitting the ground with a dull thud.

Mask looks at the detached limb with glassy eyes until he is lead away by the goat-alien, looking shocky and distant.

Once the aliens have left, only Eyes and Sam are left in the room. Sam thinks that Eyes might kill him. He doesn't care. He shakes his head. No. He has to care. He has to get back to Tommy. He just... is exhausted right now.

Eyes stares at him with an expression Sam could never hope to decipher. It doesn't reach forward, it doesn't lunge like Sam had to Mask.

It sighs, and it walks out the door.

The blood was red. That's what Sam thinks the next time he can think anything. It doesn't smell like human blood, it's just a little sweeter, but it looks like it. It isn't getting brown, it isn't flaking off the floor, and it's just a bit thinner, but if he squints, it looks like human blood.

He looks down at his hands.

His palms are all red. He turns them over to see the cracking skin on his knuckles, his bony, shaking fingers, the blue under his fingernails.

When had he gotten so sick?

When had he lost himself?

Alien or not he had just taken off someone's arm, and they weren't even trying to do anything.

Sam stares at the crushed, blood-soaked food that lays scattered across the floor.

Why had he done that?

Vengeance? What good did vengeance do? He was no closer to finding Tommy than he had been before he had ripped that alien's arm off.

Sam curls into himself.

What is wrong with him?

He tries to wipe his face and succeeds in nothing but smearing the alien's blood across his cheek. He gags at the smell so close to his nose, and the rising in his stomach alerts him that it will not be satisfied with dry heaving.

He scrambles over to the corner, falling over himself in an effort not to vomit on his cot, the one place he's mildly comfortable in. He braces himself against the wall, leaving bloody streaks in the shape of handprints sliding down the metal.

He heaves again, feeling his stomach cramp painfully. He feels acid in the back of his throat and coughs violently as it comes up, the bitter taste making him only retch harder. He curls in on himself as he vomits again and again. He keeps dry heaving even when there's nothing left in his stomach, and he knows there isn't because he hasn't eaten since he'd been taken, Mask's offerings having been violently rejected. He feels another stab of guilt at that. Or maybe it's just the stomach cramps.

Once his body has settled as much as it could, he drags himself over to the cot and collapses onto it. He wants to cry, but he won't. He can't waste the water. God knows he probably won't get anything to eat or drink in a long while thanks to the stunt he had just pulled.

And on maybe the only person in all of space who could help him get back to Tommy.

Sam shoves his face into his thin pillow and screams.

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